

GOLD
KEY

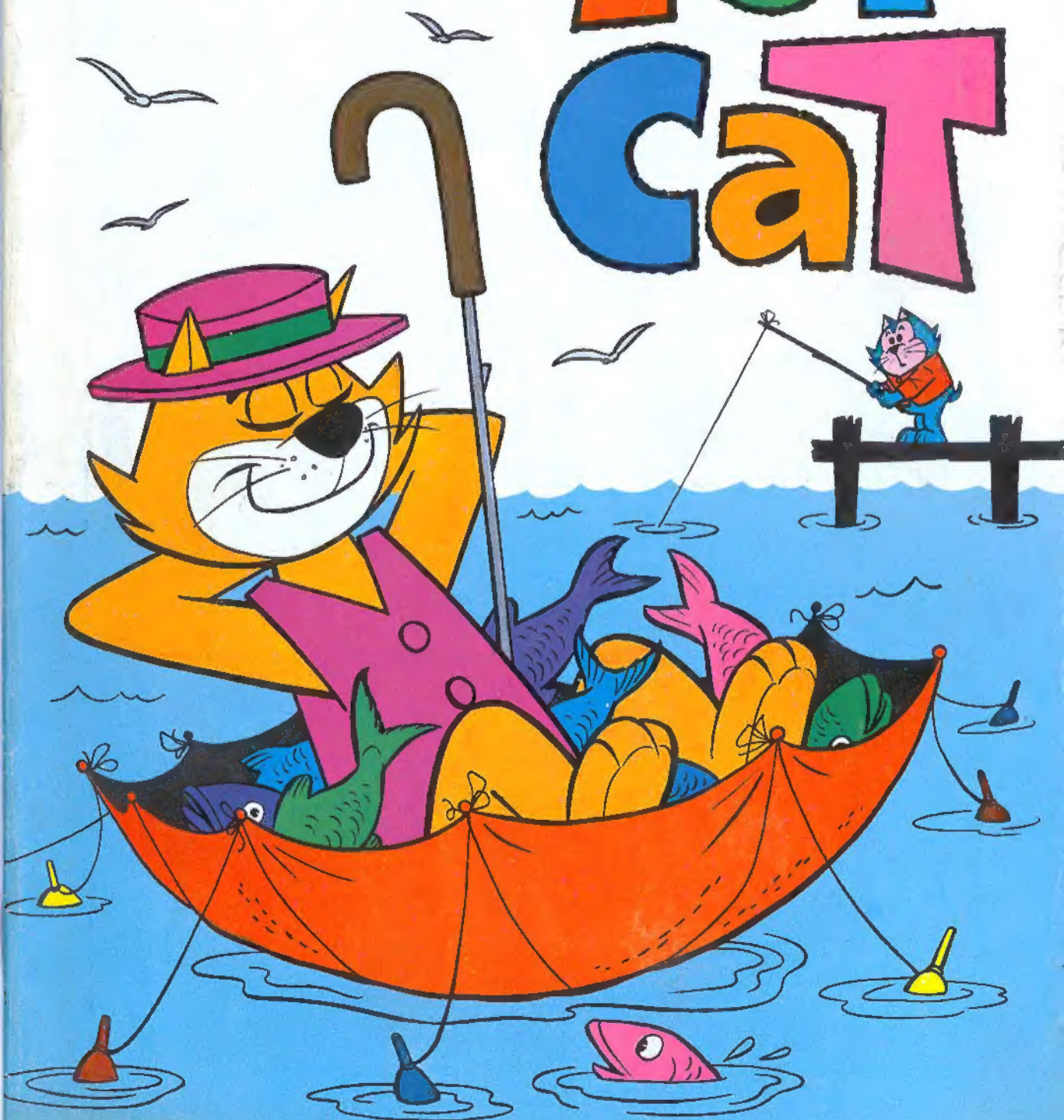
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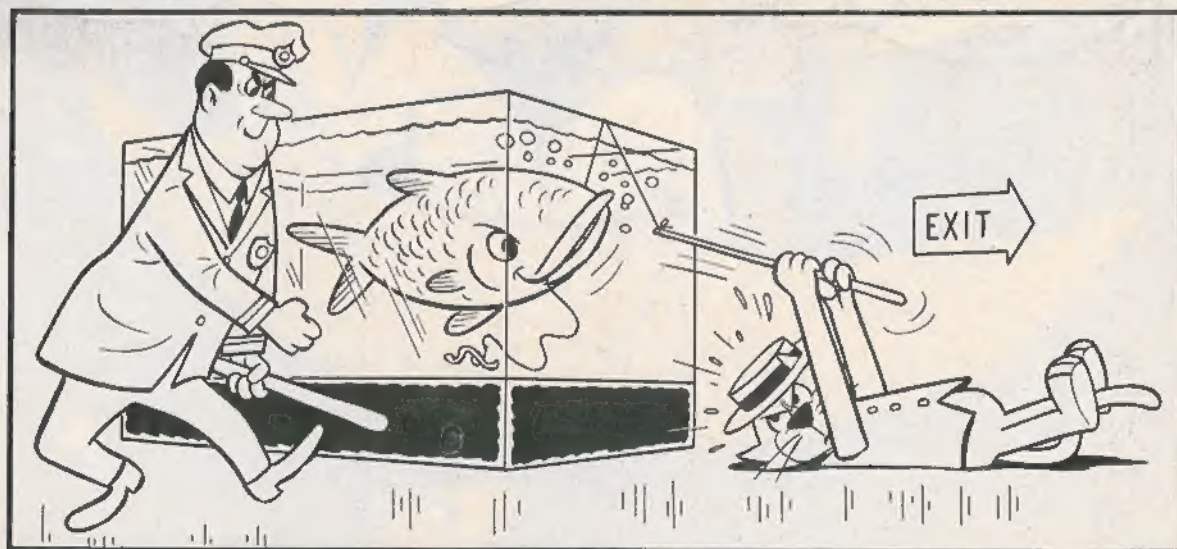
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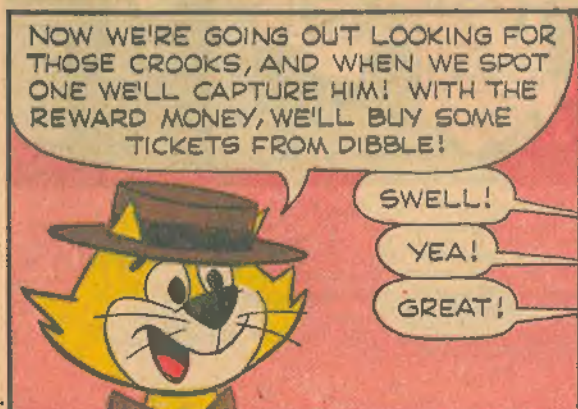
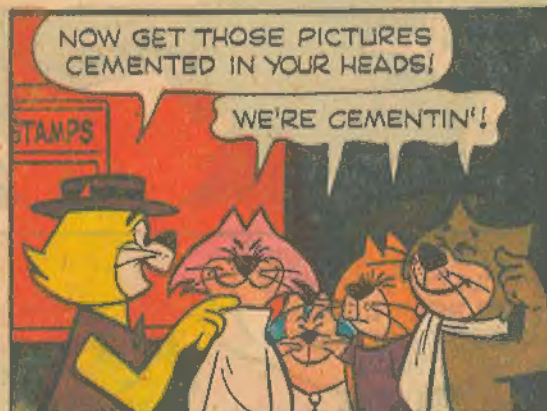


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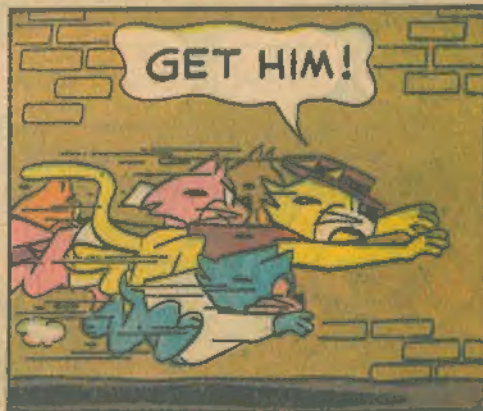
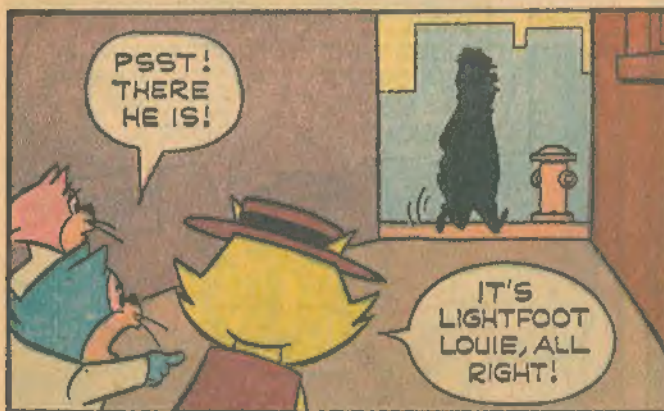
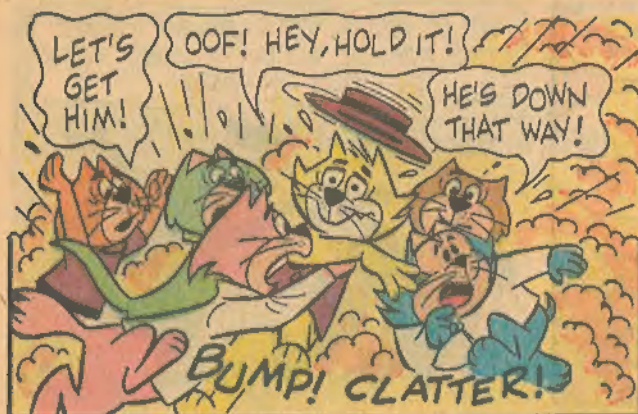
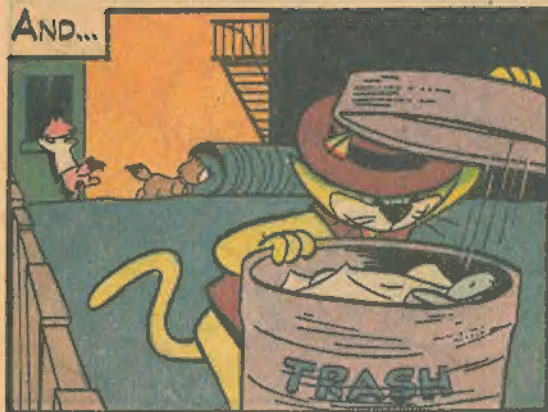
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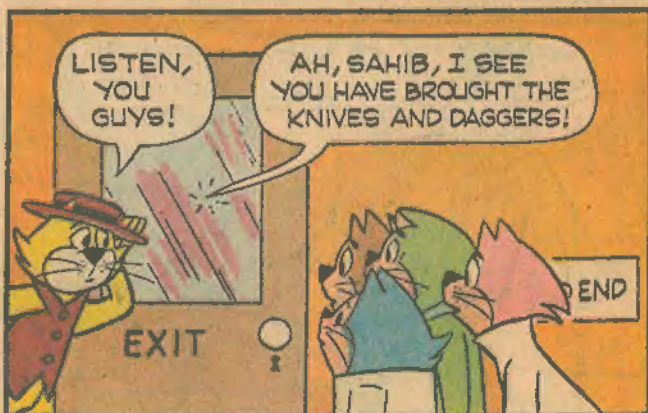
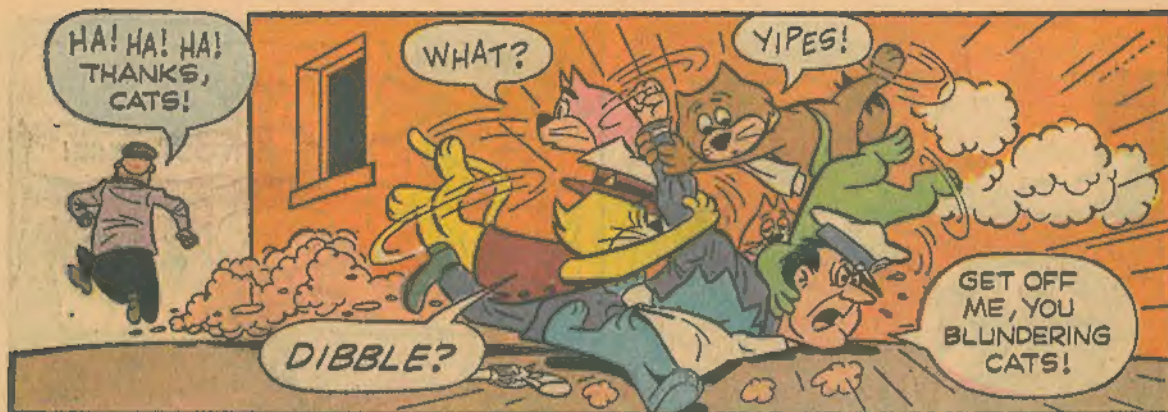
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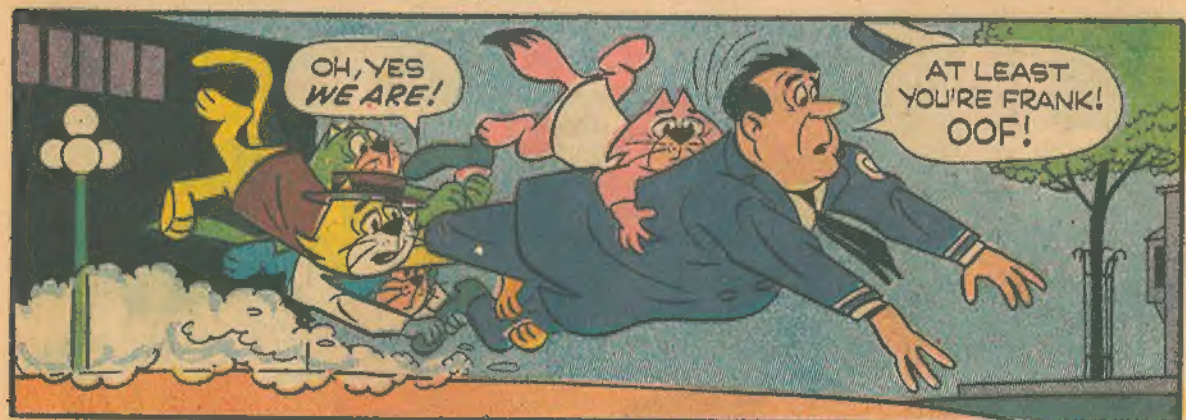


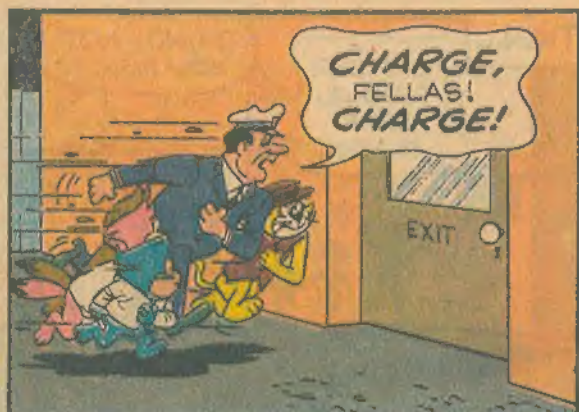
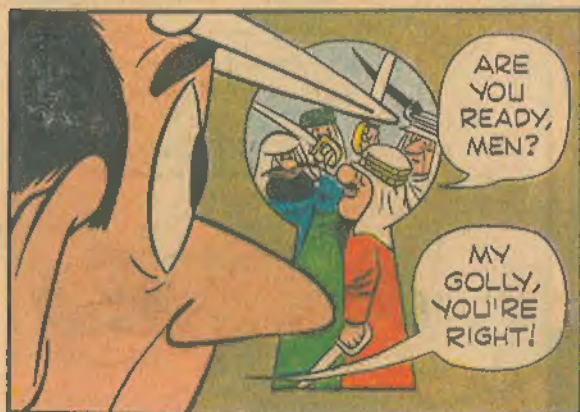


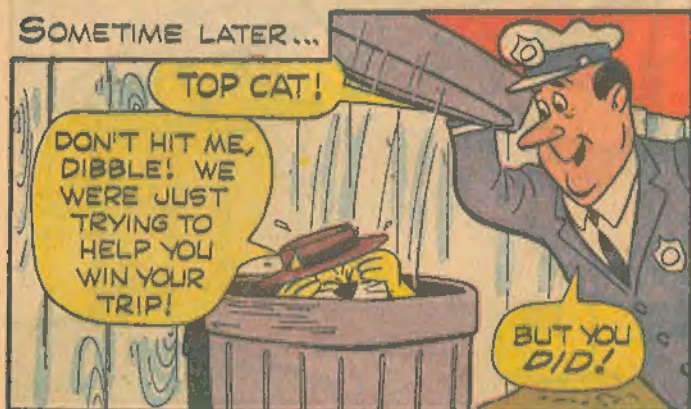
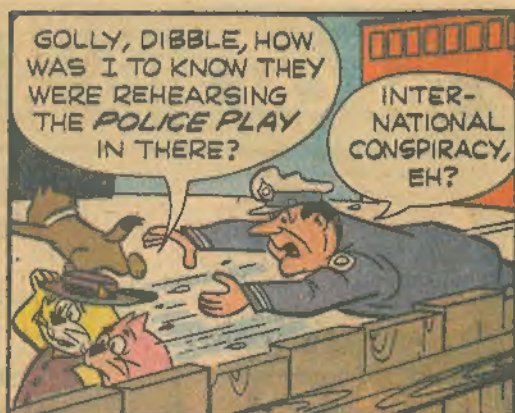
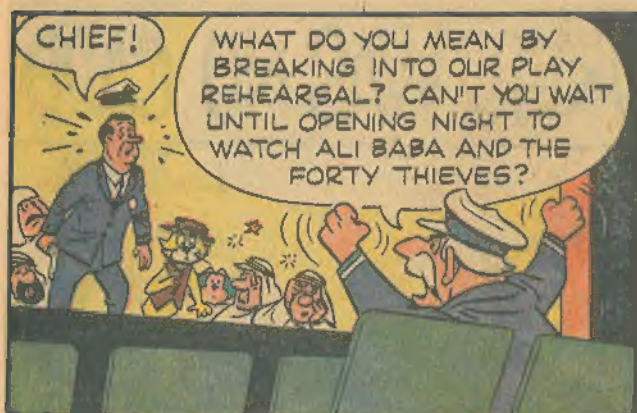
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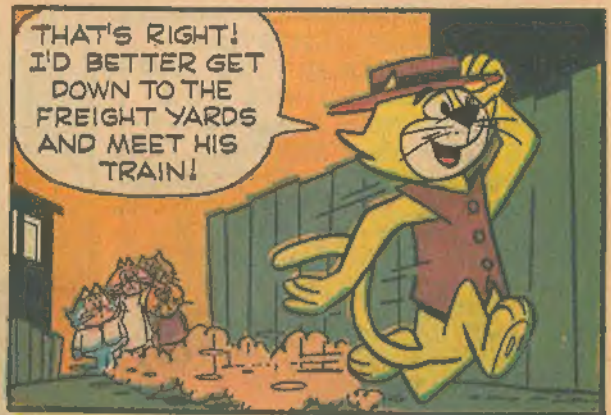
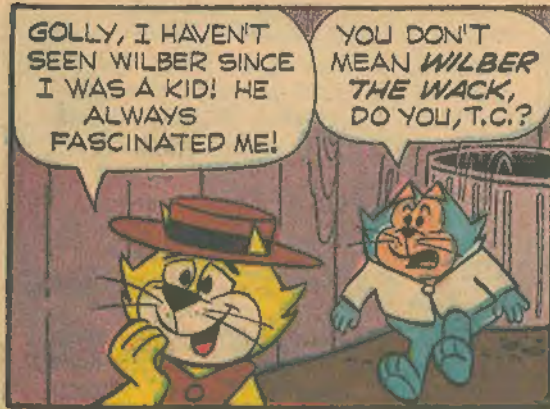
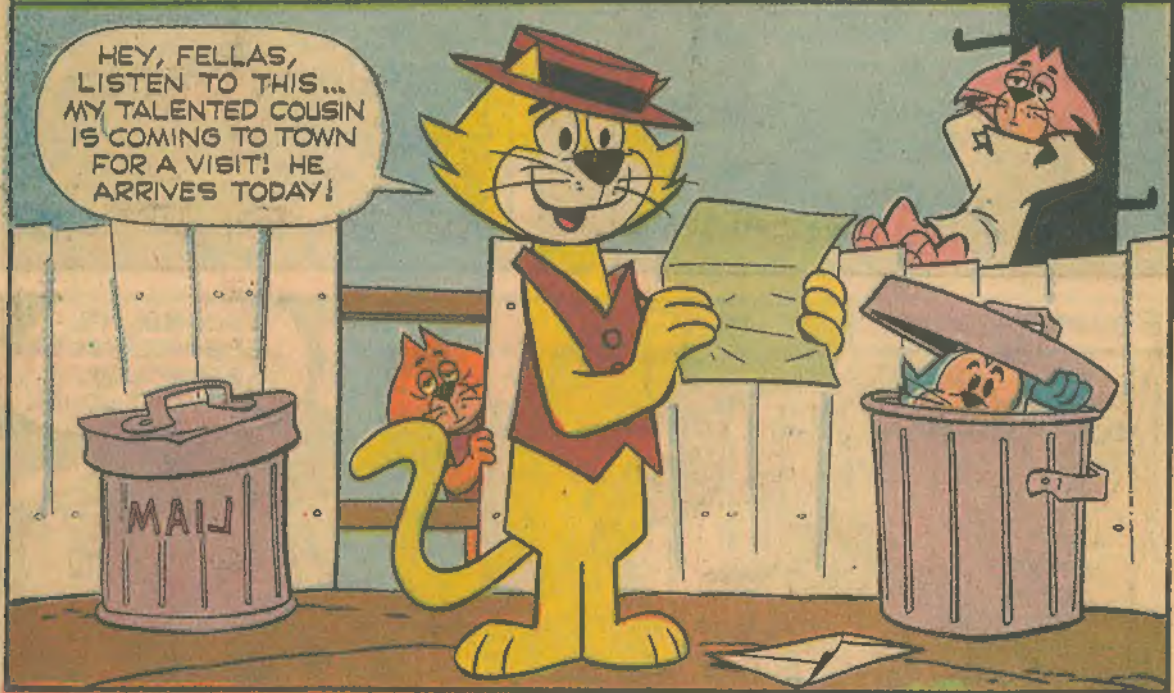


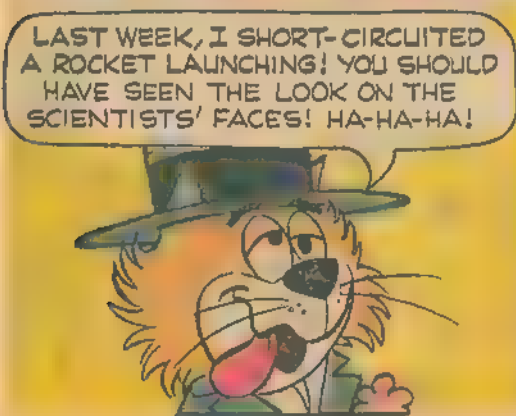
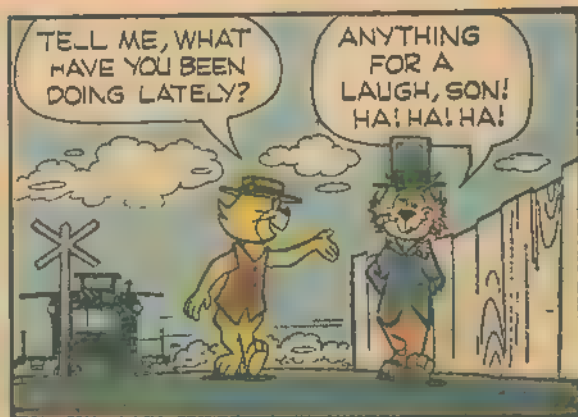
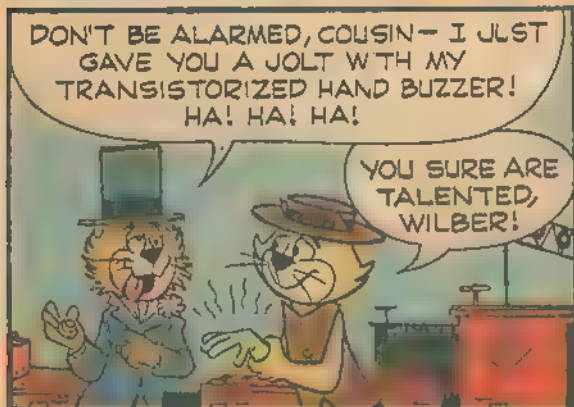


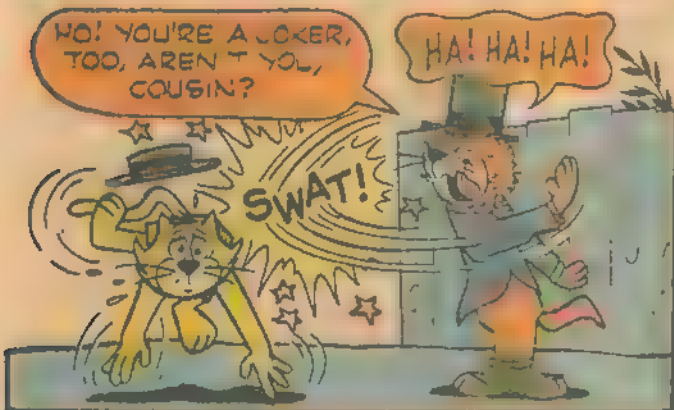
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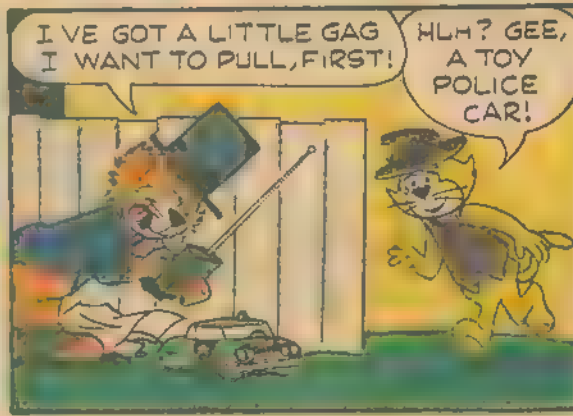
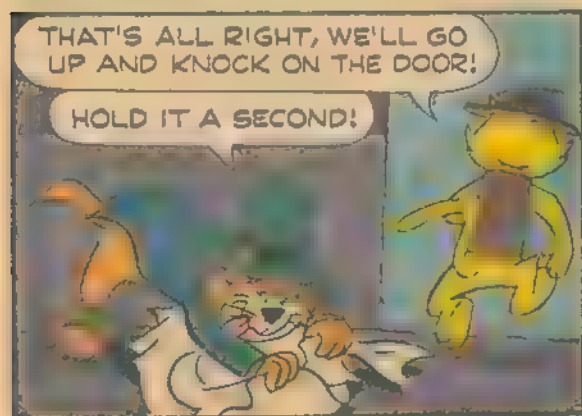
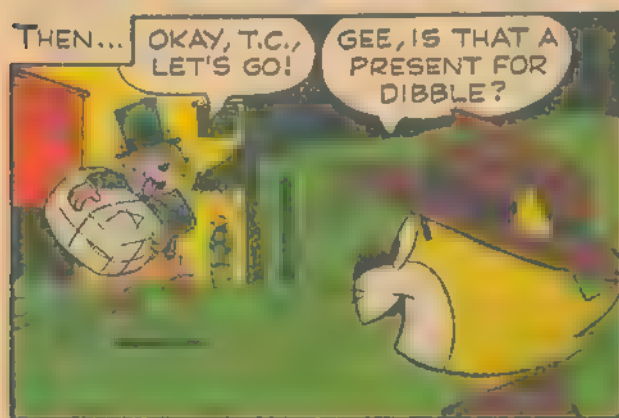
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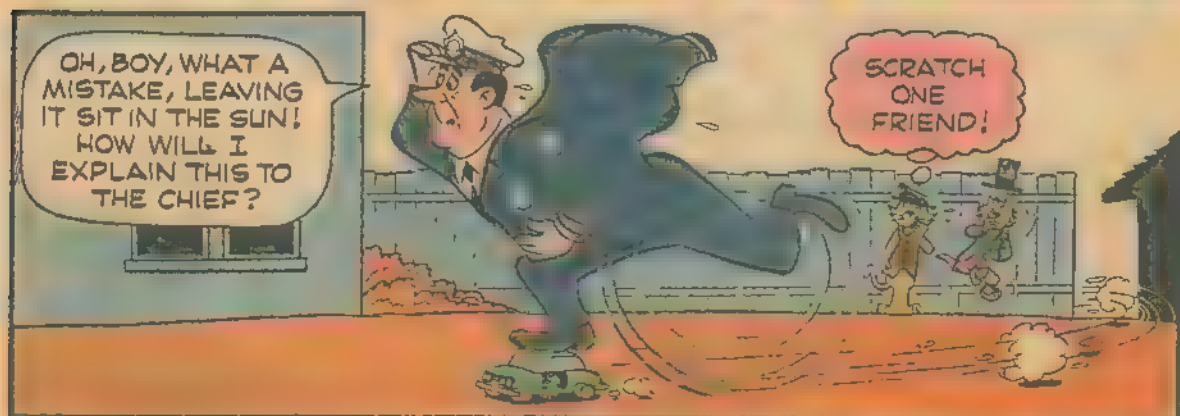
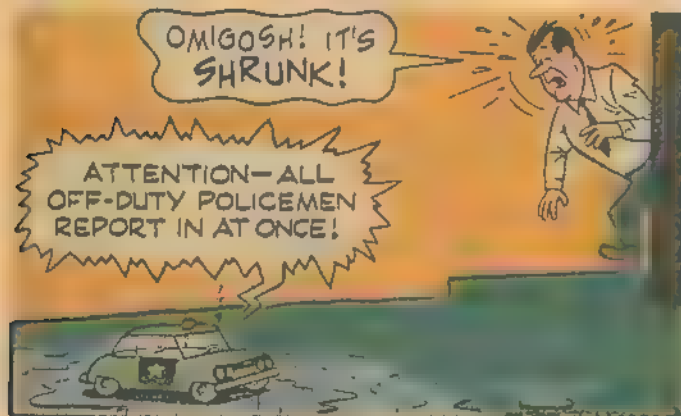
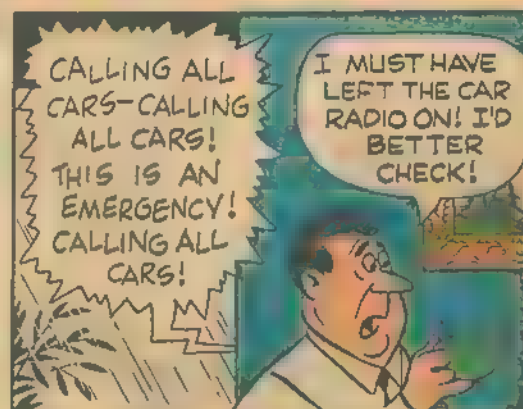
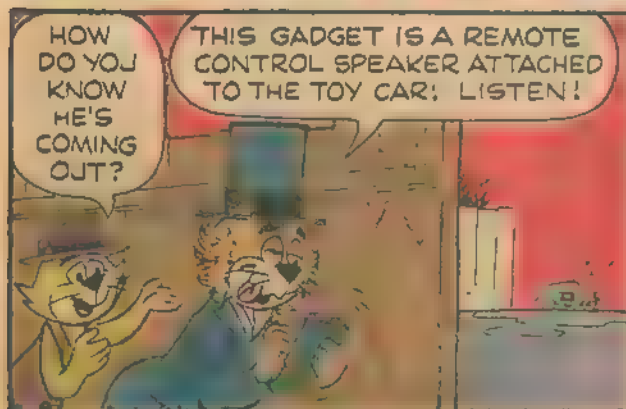
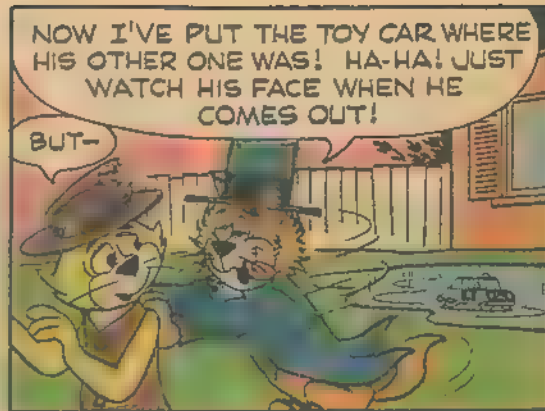
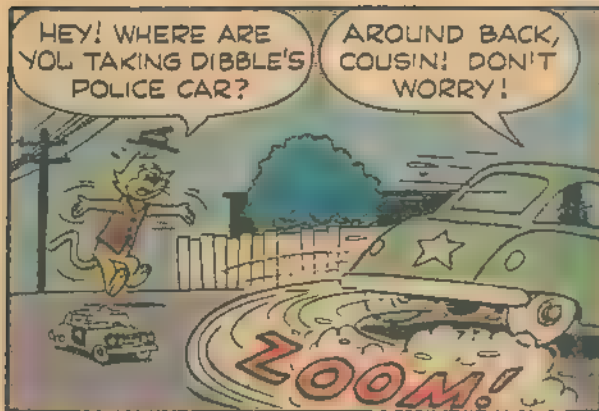
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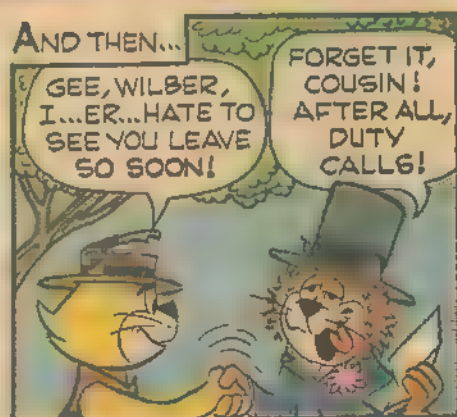
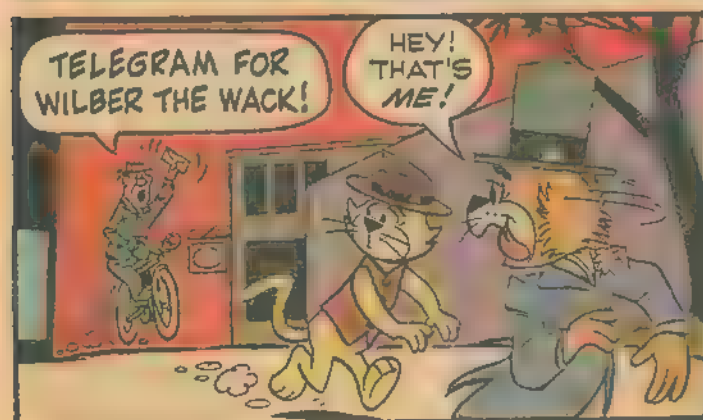
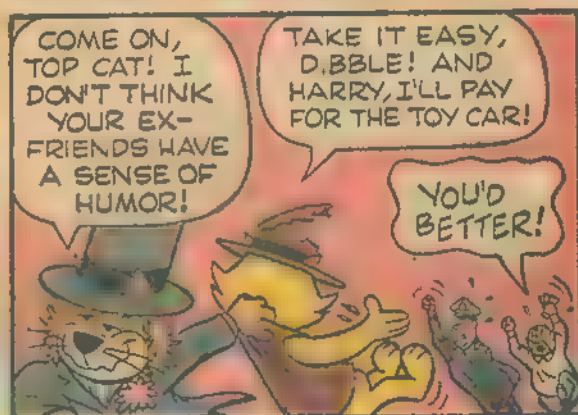
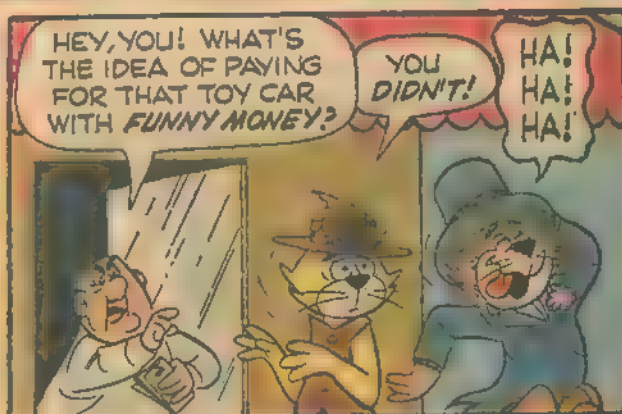
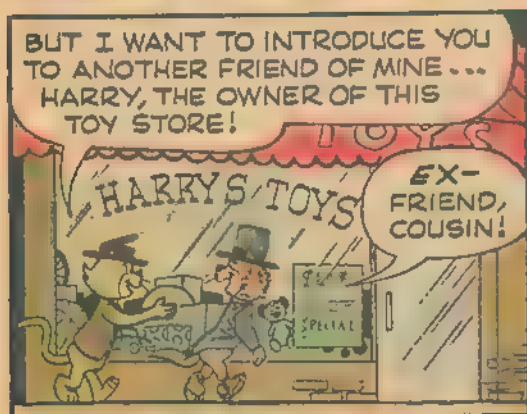


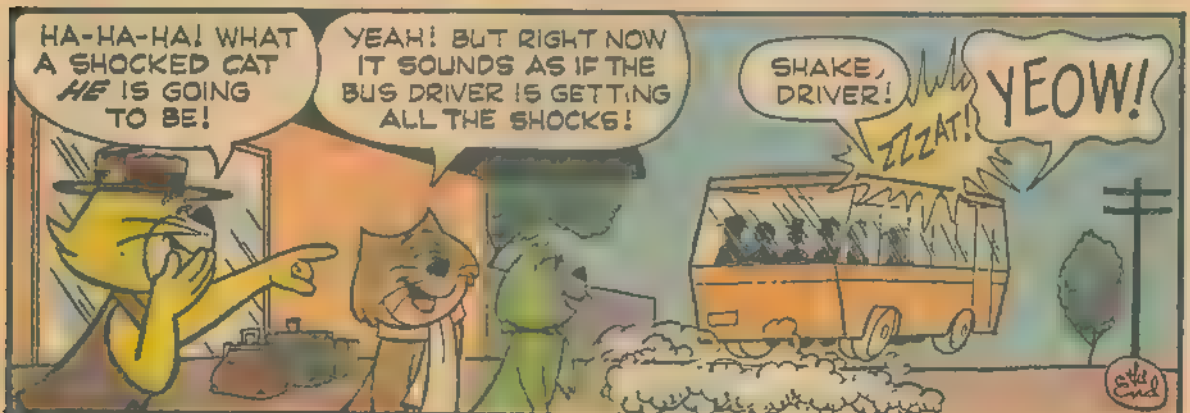
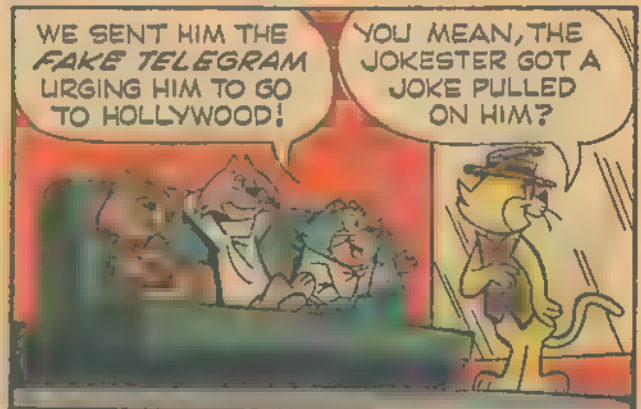
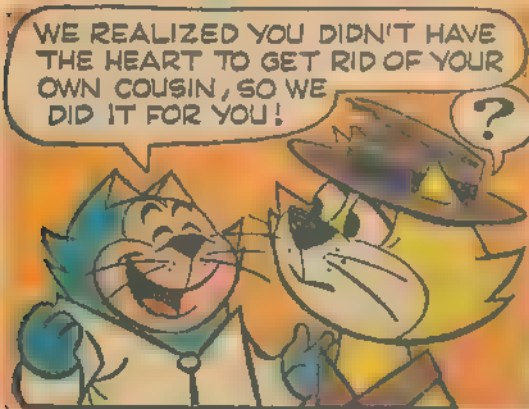
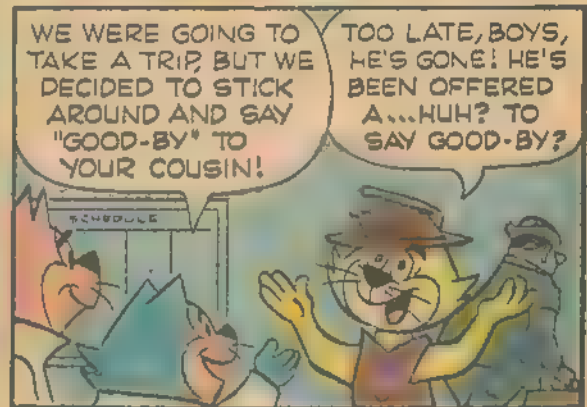
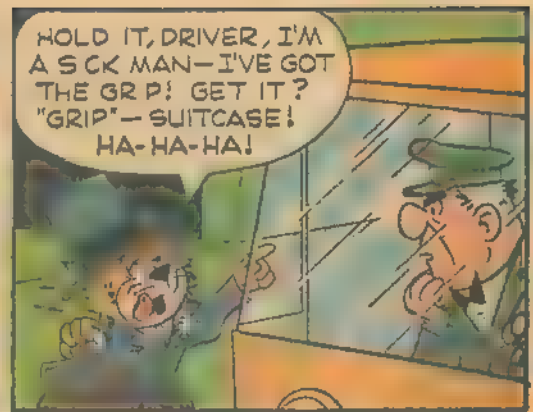
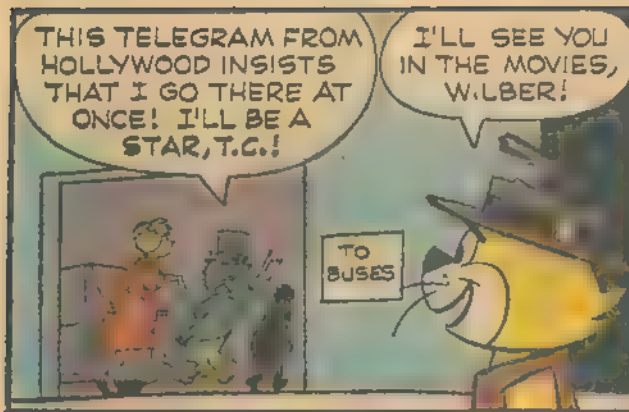












AIR MAIL- SPECIAL DELIVERY



Fibber Fox could hardly believe his eyes. There, swimming all alone on the duck pond was Yakky Doodle, and his big buddy Chopper was nowhere in sight.

"What an opportunity!" Fibber gloated to himself. "I can nab that pesky duck with no interference from his bulldog pal."

Hidden by a clump of cattails, he carefully pushed an old hollow log into the water. Then, crawling inside, he floated slowly toward the unsuspecting Yakky.

In a split second, Yakky was firmly in the grip of Fibber's furry hands!

"Got you!" Fibber exulted. "Where's that big, dumb friend of yours THIS time?"

"Right here!" said a voice behind him.

Fibber turned to see Chopper rising out of the water, wearing a skin-diving outfit.

Before he could gulp, Fibber was flying through the air, propelled by a blow from Chopper's mighty fist.

"I'll teach you to bother my li'l pal!" he roared.

After picking himself up out of the mud, Fibber realized that he'd never stand a chance of catching Yakky unless he could be sure that Chopper was nowhere around.

The next day, the mailman delivered a special delivery letter to Chopper. The letter was from a lawyer, stating that Chopper had inherited a fortune from his Uncle Snag-tooth, who lived over in Boneburg.

"Gosh, I didn't know I had an uncle who lived in Boneburg!" mused Chopper. "But if the lawyer says so, I guess he's right."

So, he hurried off down the road toward Boneburg. Fibber Fox, hiding behind a tree, watched until Chopper disappeared in the distance.

"That bulldog is a real bonehead!" he chuckled to himself. "It'll take him half a

day to get to Boneburg, and while he is gone I can nab Yakky at my leisure."

Fibber settled himself comfortably under the tree and waited for Yakky Doodle.

Meanwhile, Chopper hurried off toward Boneburg, thinking about what he was going to do with his fortune. First, he'd buy the biggest steak he could find, and then he'd buy . . . He stopped suddenly.

"What a very selfish dog I am!" he said. "Here I'm thinking only about myself and forgetting all about my li'l pal Yakky. He should share in my good luck, too!"

With that, Chopper turned around and he headed back to get Yakky.

Fibber's vigil, meanwhile, had paid off, for he had spotted Yakky strolling down the road to visit Chopper, and once again poor Yakky was firmly in the grip of Fibber's furry hands.

"Ha!" sneered Fibber. "Where's that big, dumb friend of yours THIS time?"

"Right here!" said a voice behind him.

To Fibber's horror, there stood Chopper! The fox gulped. "I — I thought you were on your way to Boneburg!"

"I was, but . . ." began Chopper. But then he paused as a thought struck him. "How did you know I was going to Boneburg?"

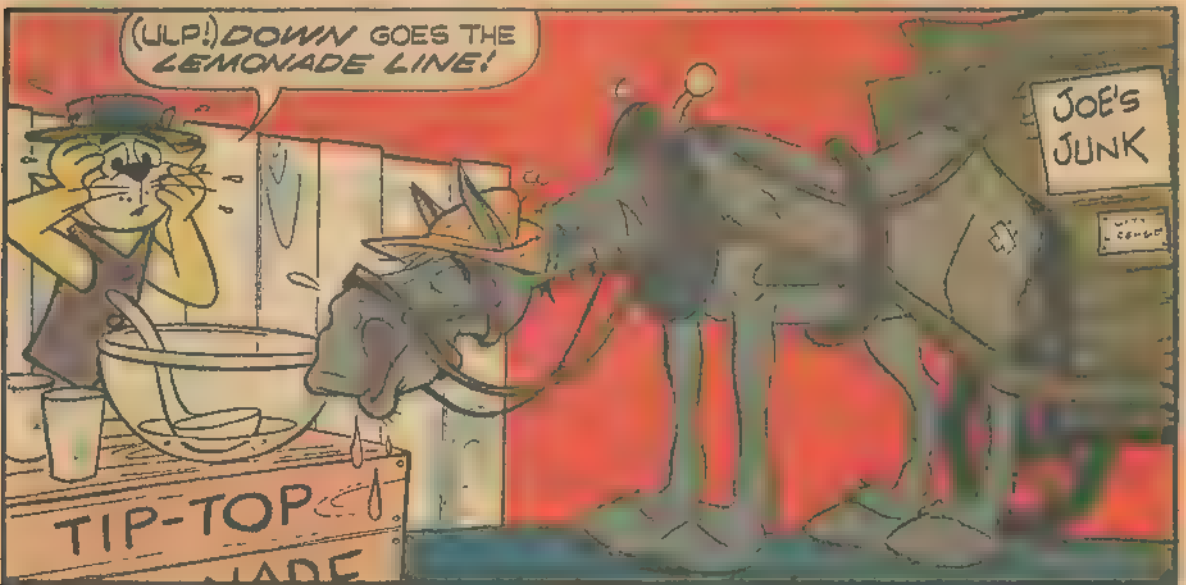
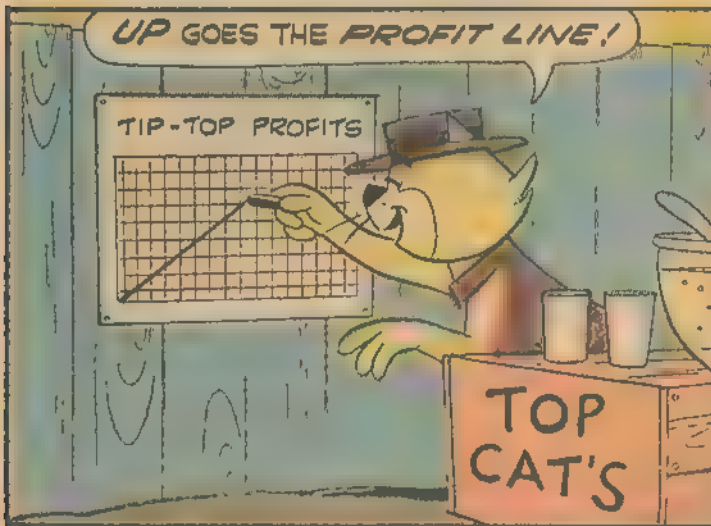
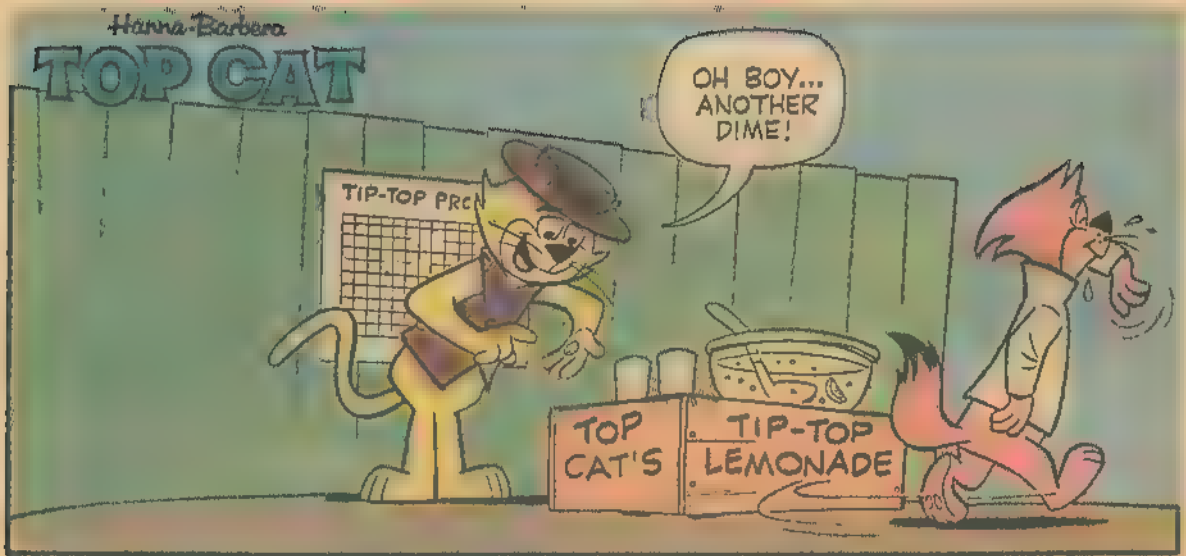
"I, uh, er, uh . . ." faltered Fibber.

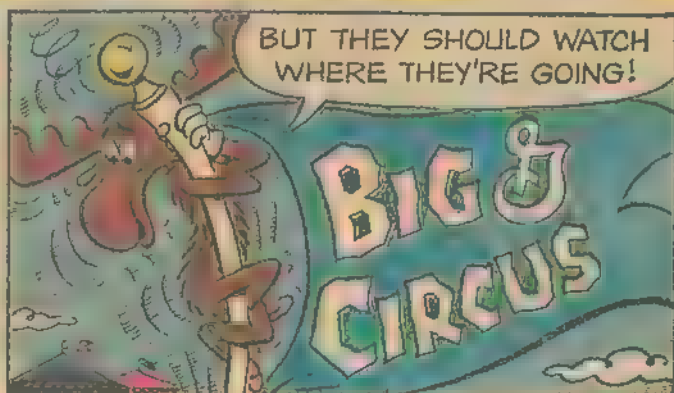
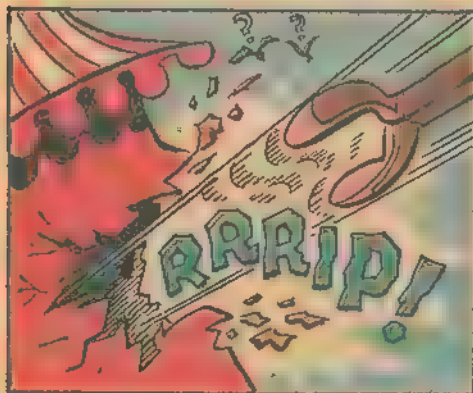
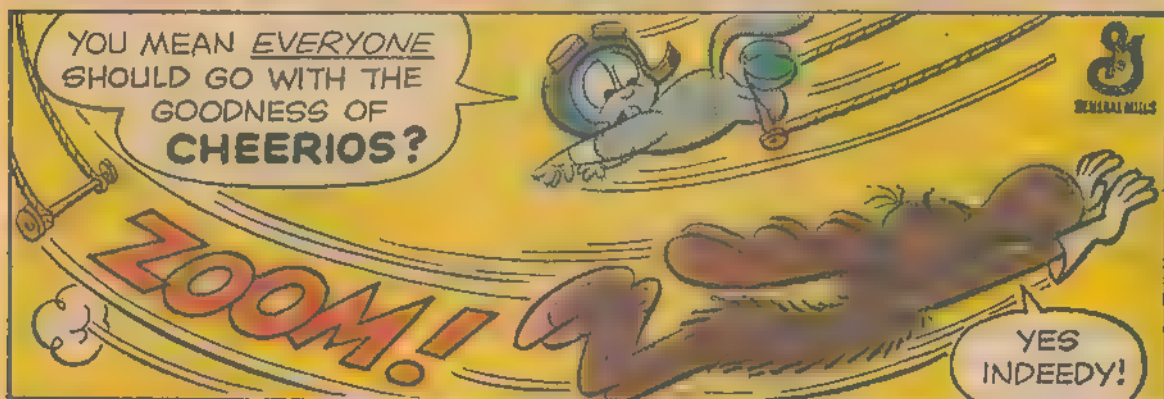
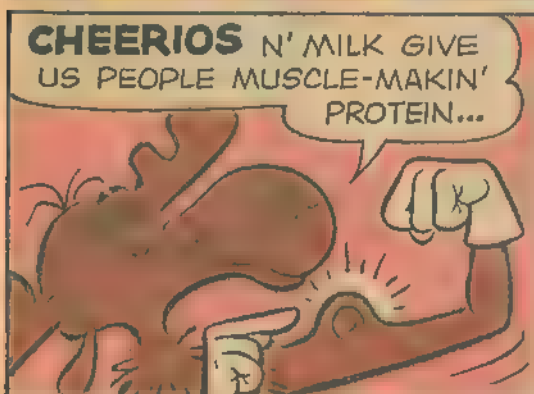
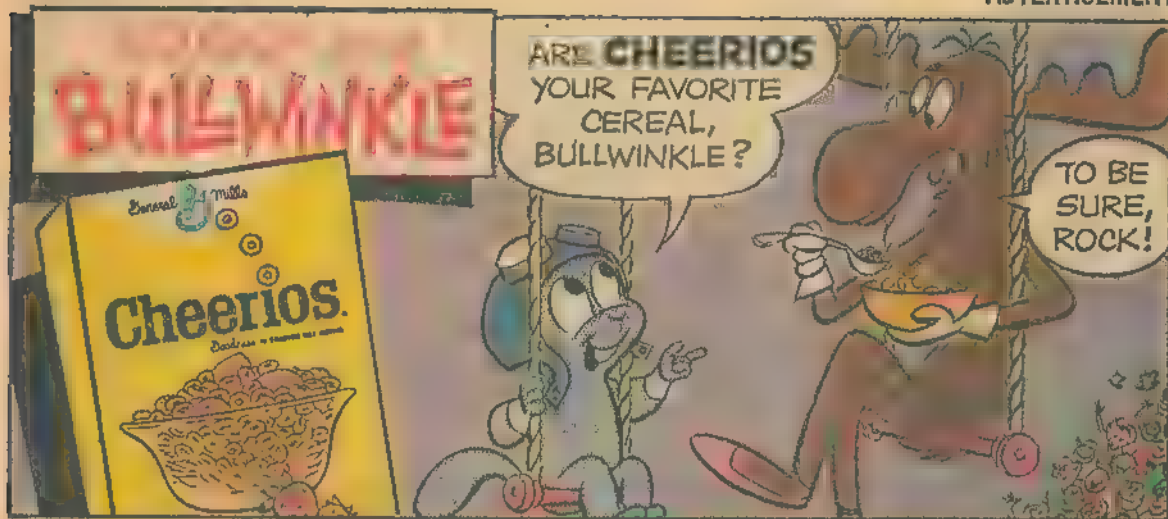
"You know what I think?" growled Chopper. "That letter was a phoney, and YOU sent it to me!" He grabbed Fibber by the scruff of the neck. "Tell the truth! Did you send me that letter, Fibber Fox?"

"Y-y-yes!" croaked the miserable fox.

With that, Chopper gave a mighty heave, and Fibber went flying high into the sky.

"You may not be going to Boneburg, but it looks like he is," laughed Yakky. "And he's going air mail—special delivery."





Hanna-Barbera **TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM**
ON TARGET

TOUCHÉ, I JUST HEARD A NEWS BROADCAST ON THE RADIO! THE NAVY JUST LAUNCHED A NEW SHIP AND IT'S GOING DOWN OFF THE COAST!



THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! **TOUCHÉ AND AWAY!**

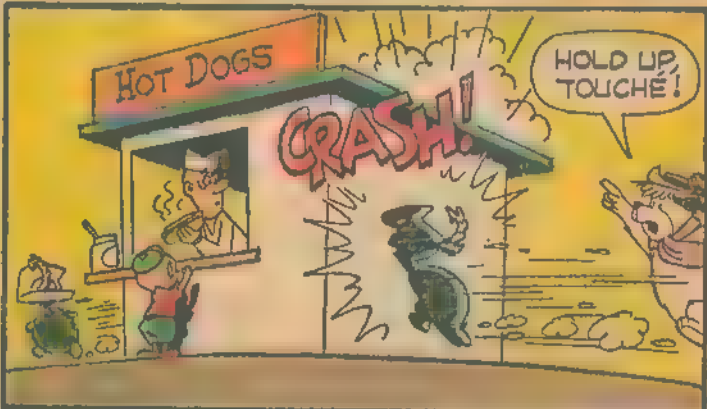
WAIT FOR ME!



HOT DOGS

CRASH!

HOLD UP, TOUCHÉ!



SORRY, SON, THIS WATER HORSE IS NEEDED ON GOVERNMENT BUSINESS!

QUICK, DUM DUM, PULL THE PLUG AND LET'S GET UNDER WAY!

YAA!



WHAT WAS THE POSITION OF THIS UNFORTUNATE SHIP, DUM DUM?

I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THEY SAID IT WAS IN THE WATER!



NEVER MIND, I'VE SIGHTED HER!

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S NOT A HIM?



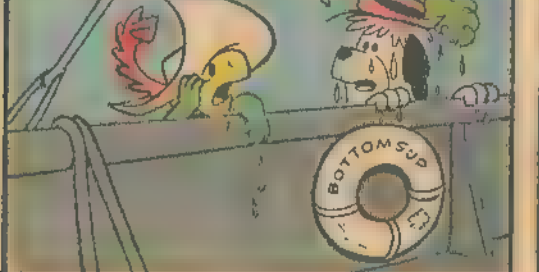
THAT'S ODD! THIS SHIP DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S SINKING!

ITS NAME DOES!



AHOY, THERE! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

I CAN, TOUCHÉ, LOUD AND CLEAR!



AND...

DUM DUM, WE'VE SEARCHED THIS SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN AND FOUND NO ONE!

WE EVEN LOOKED FORWARD AND BACKWARDS!



I'D SAY HER CREW ABANDONED HER AND SHE FOOLED THEM BY STAYING AFLOAT!



COME, DUM DUM, WE'LL TAKE HER SAFELY BACK TO PORT!

CAN YOU DRIVE ONE OF THESE?



AND NOT SO FAR AWAY...

STAND BY~READY TO FIRE
FORWARD TORPEDO!

AYE-AYE!

WE'RE
UNDER WAY,
DUM DUM!

BOY, I WISH WE HAD
SOME FISHING GEAR!

WHY'S
THAT,
DUM?

JUST LOOK AT
THE SIZE OF
THAT *FISH*
OUT THERE!

(ULP!) THAT'S A
TORPEDO!!

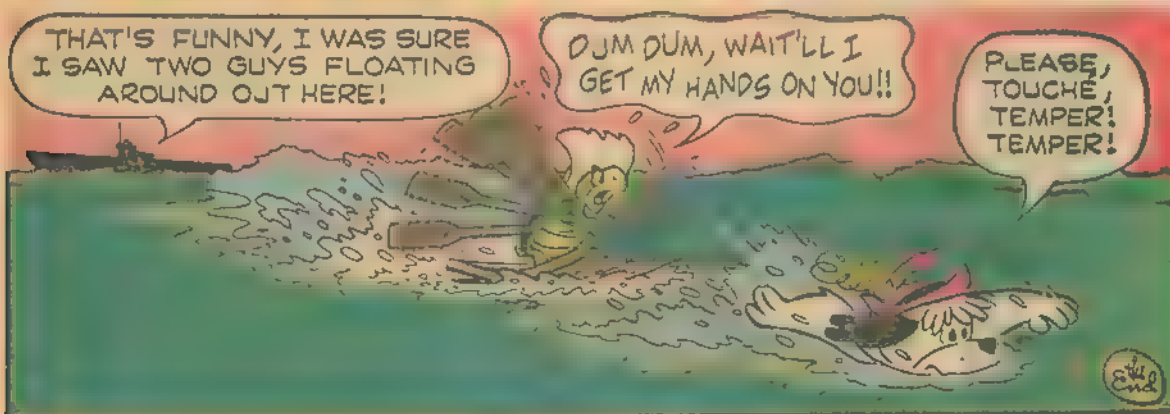
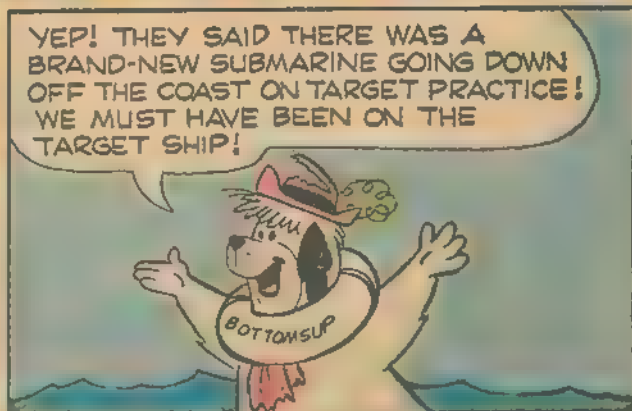
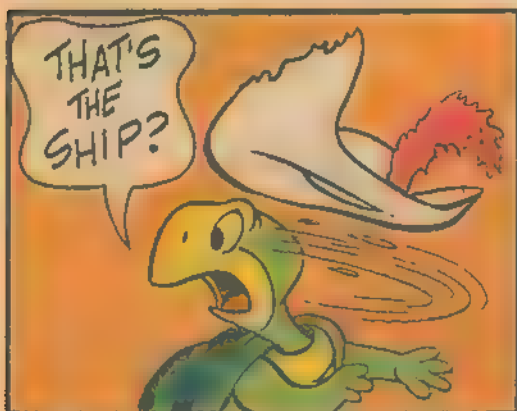
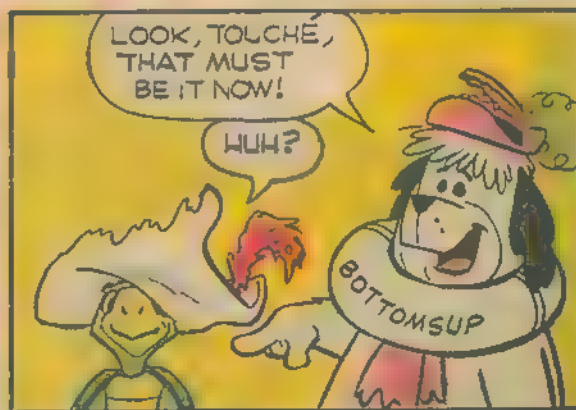
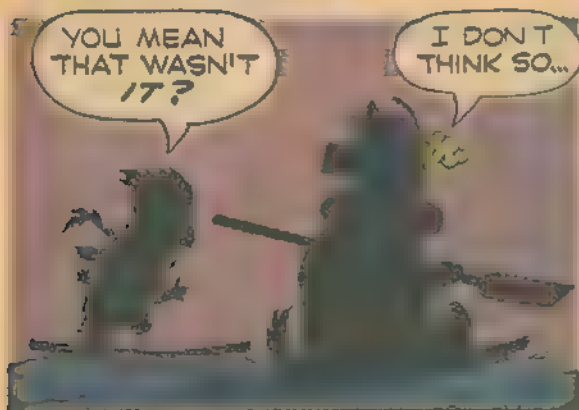
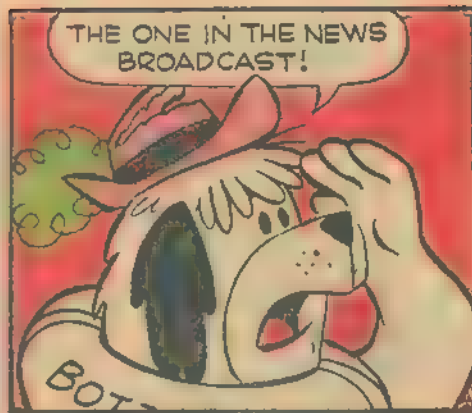
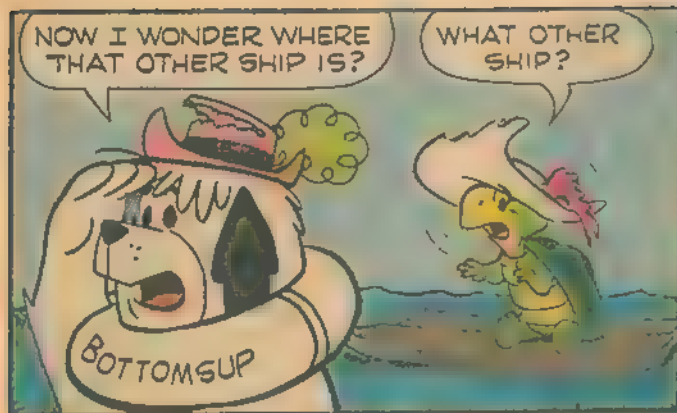
NO *WONDER* THEY ABANDONED
SHIP! THEY MUST HAVE HEARD IT
WAS GOING TO BE ATTACKED!
MAN THE LIFEBOAT!

AYE-
AYE-
AYE!

BOOM!

THERE GOES
A GOOD SHIP,
TOUCHE!

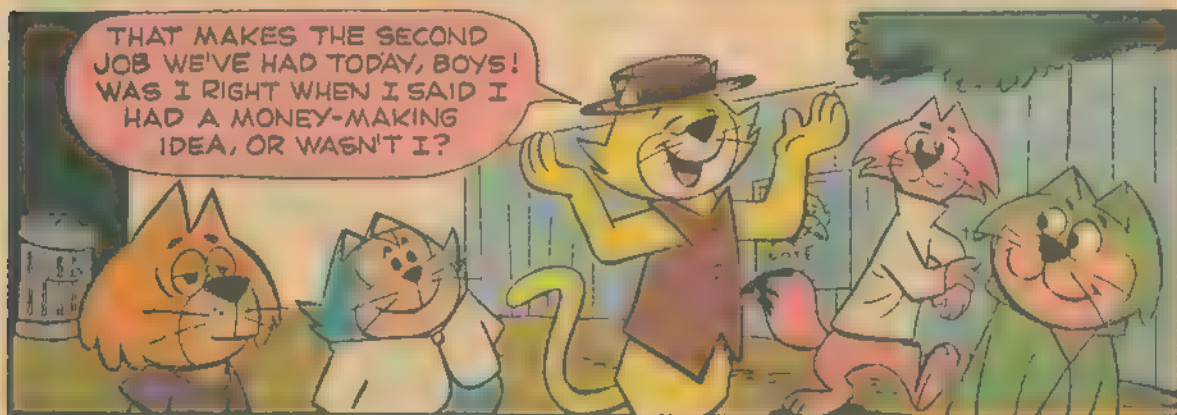
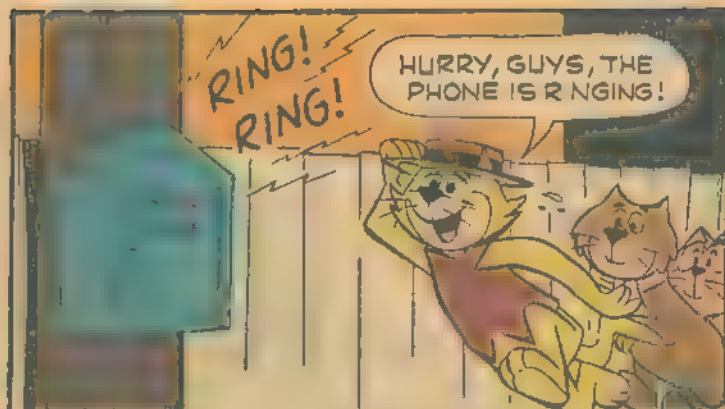
WE DID
OUR BEST,
DUM DUM!

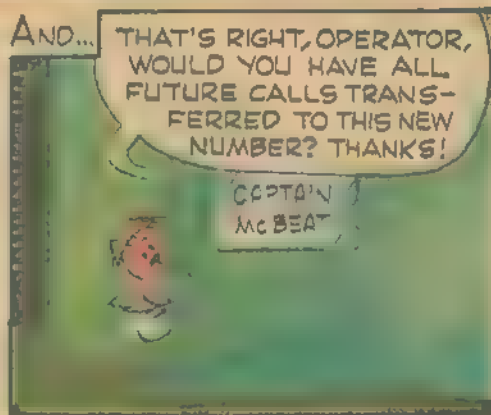
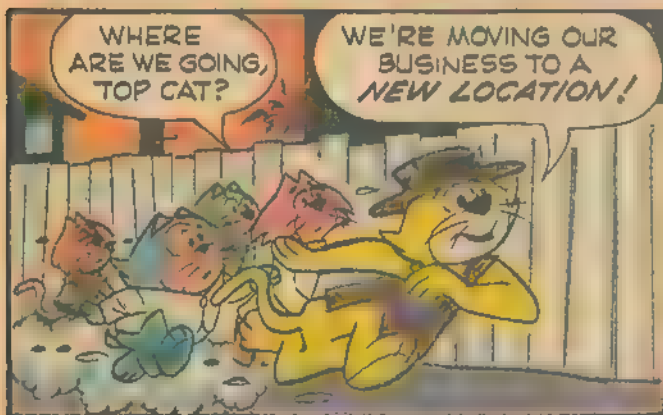
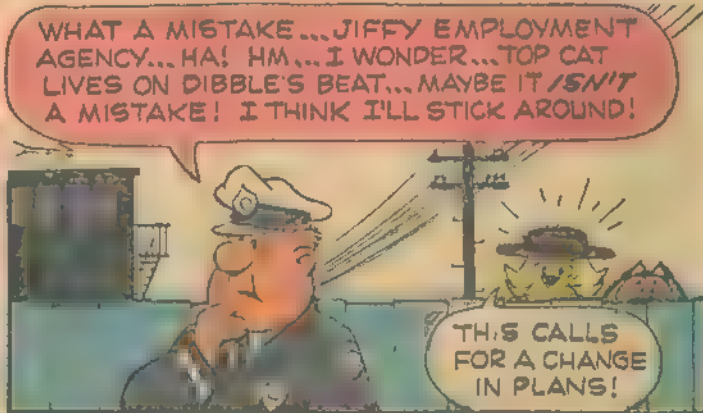
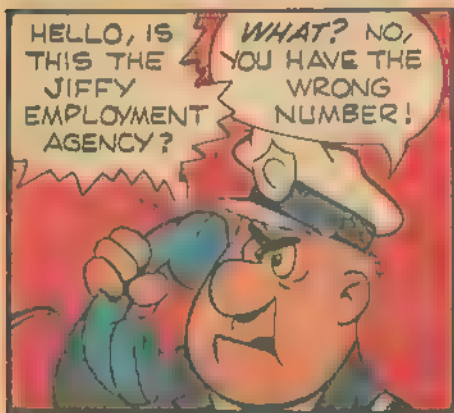
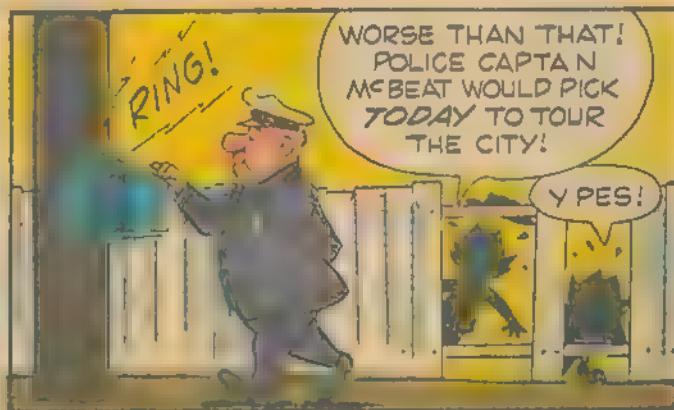


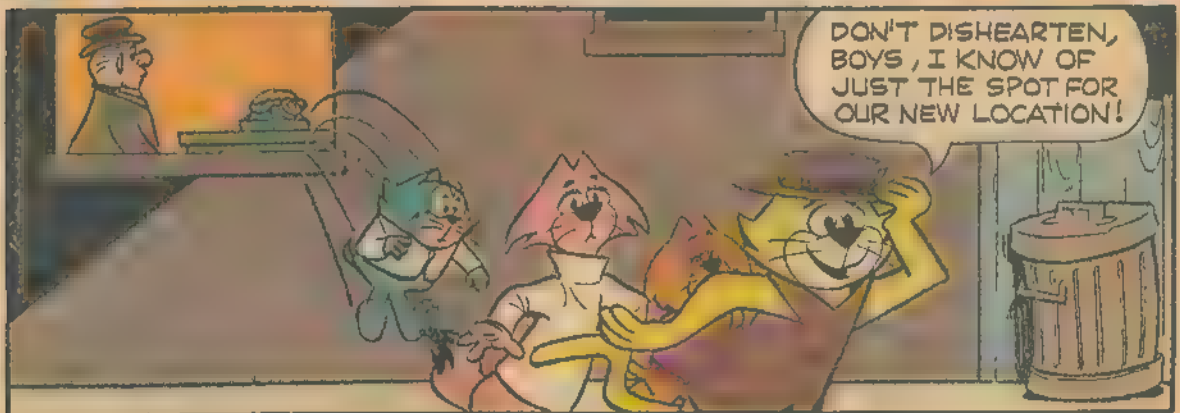
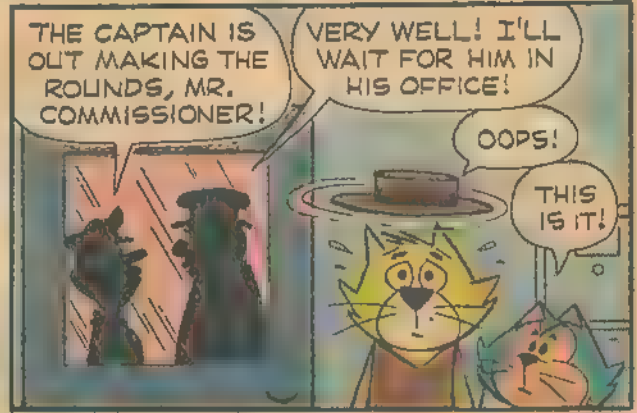
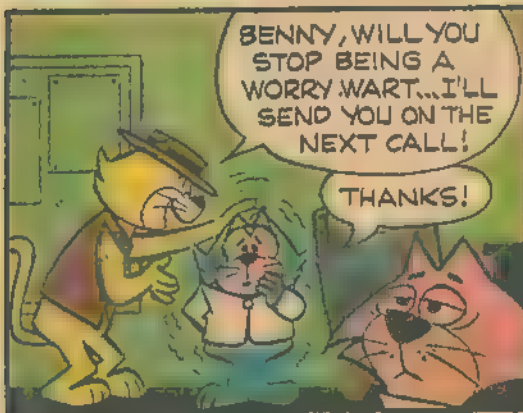
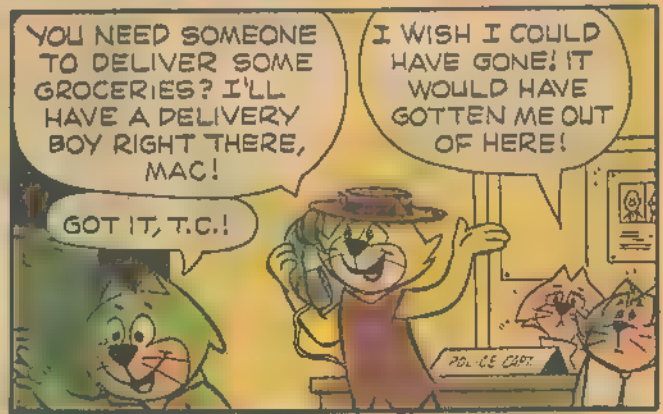
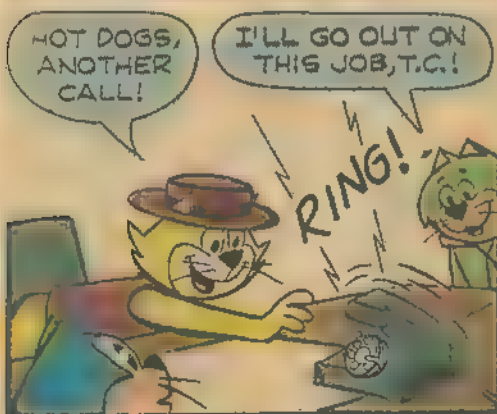
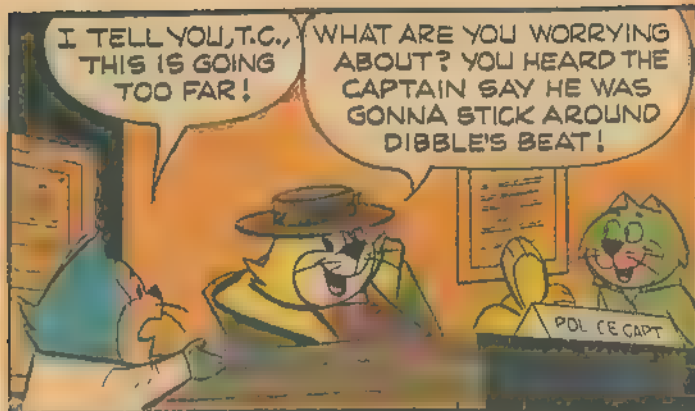
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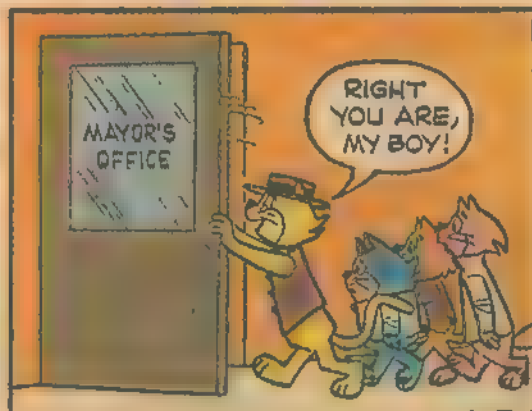
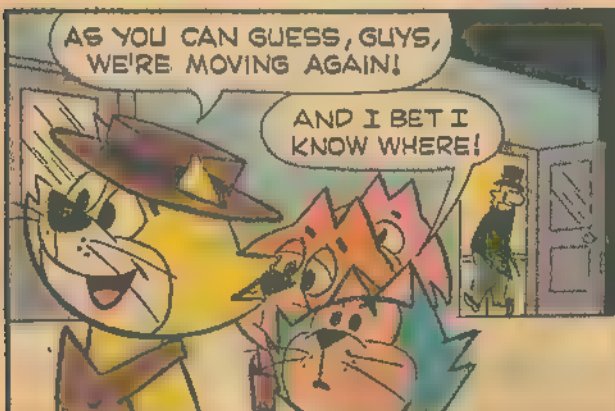
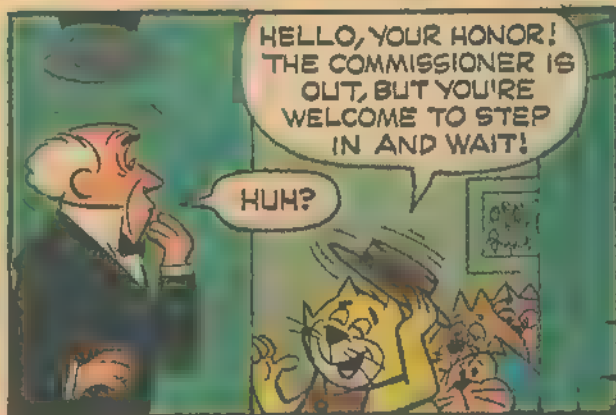
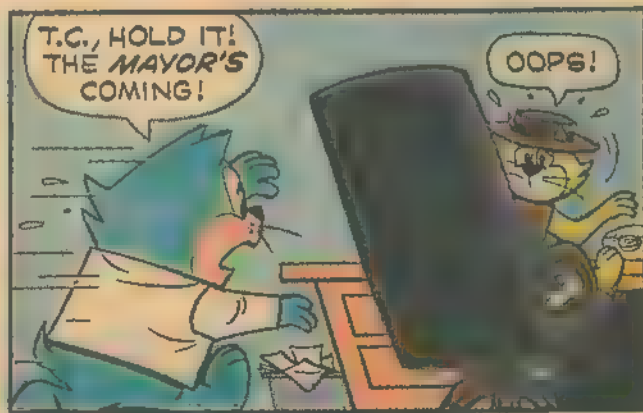
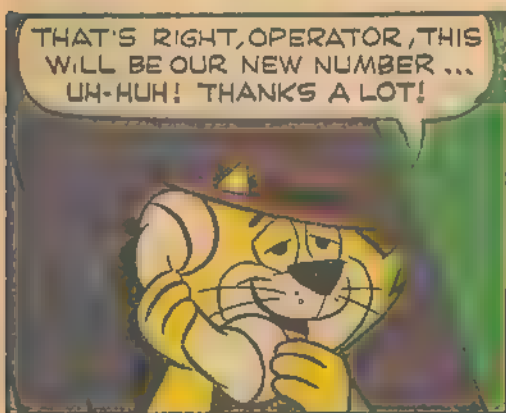
TOP CAT

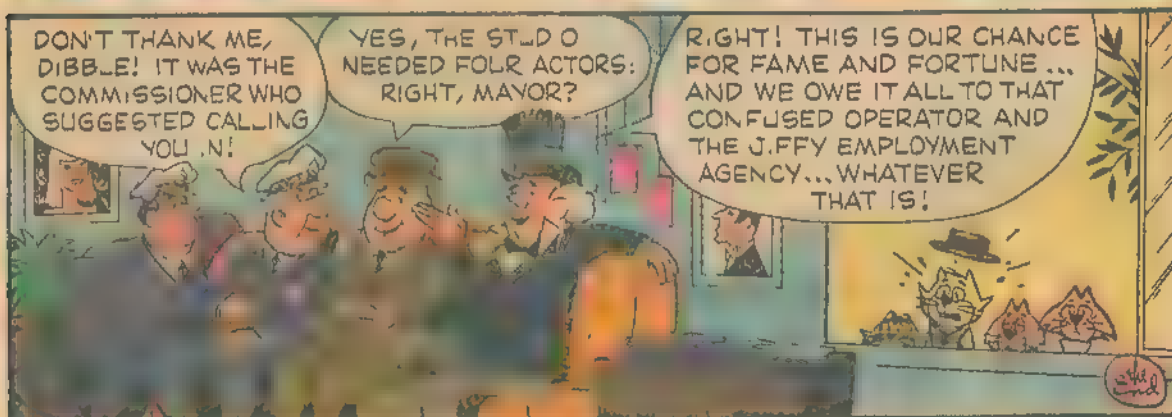
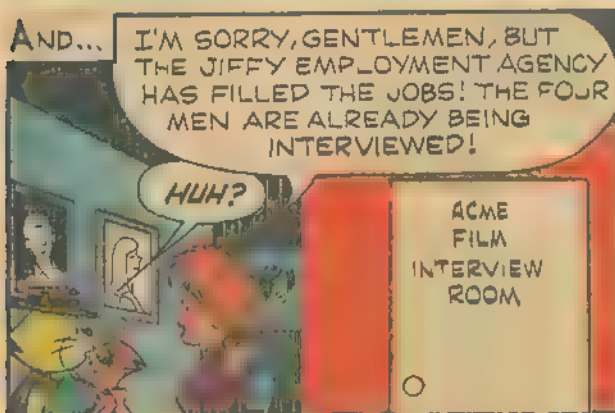
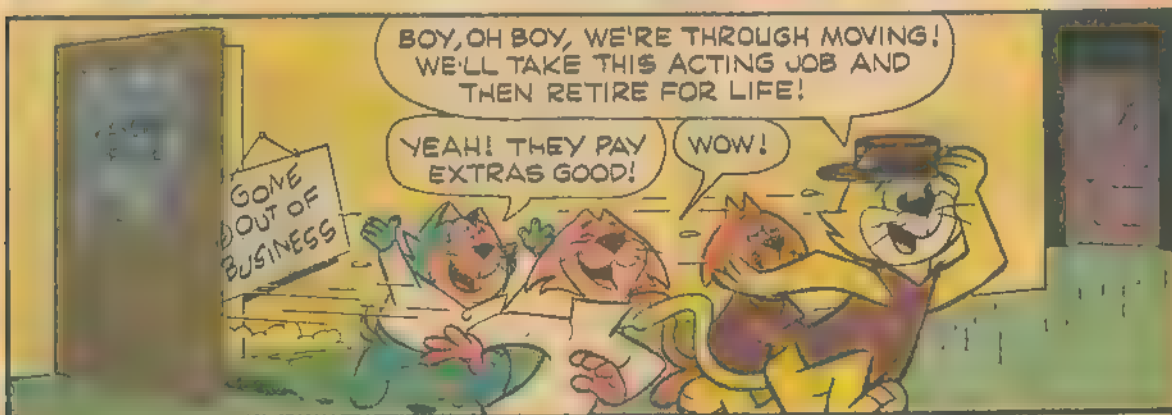
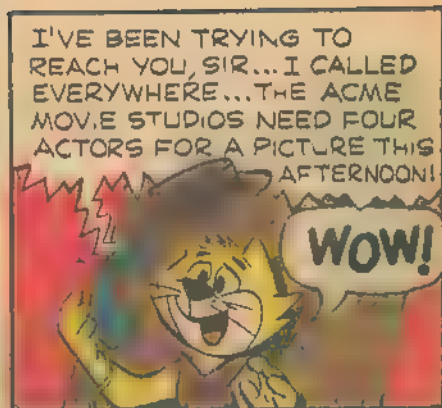
HOW TO FAIL WITHOUT REALLY TRYING







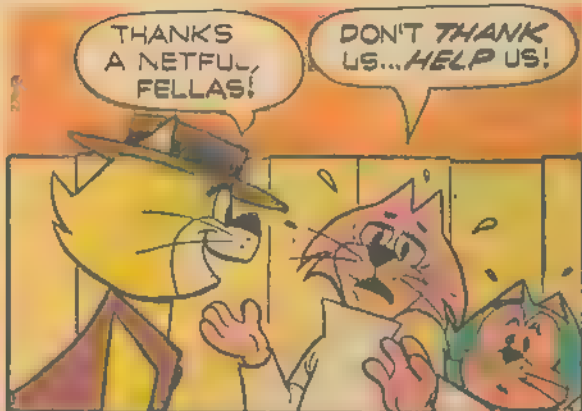
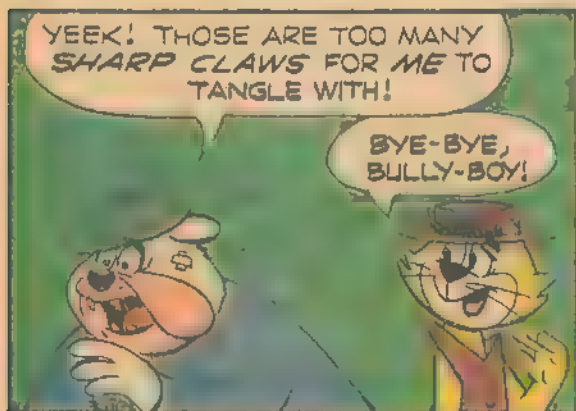
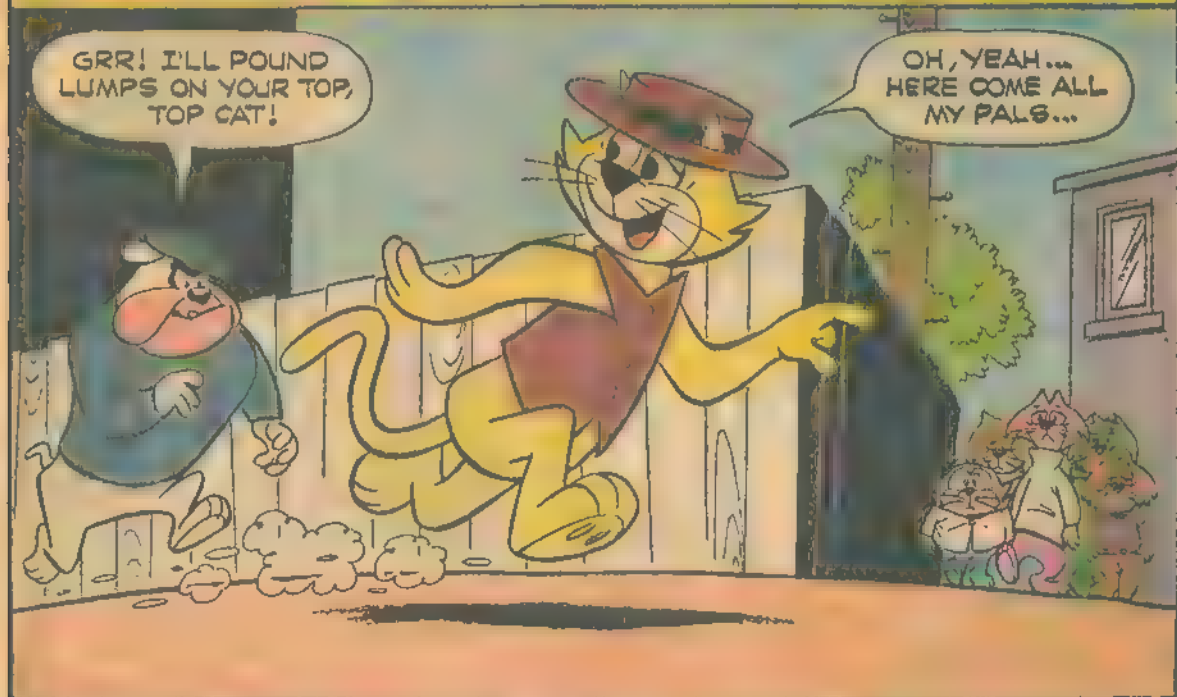


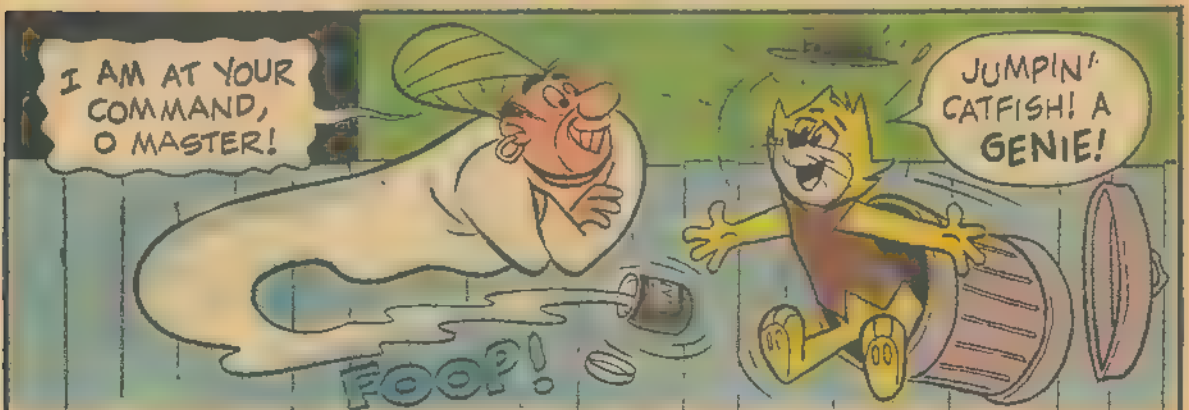
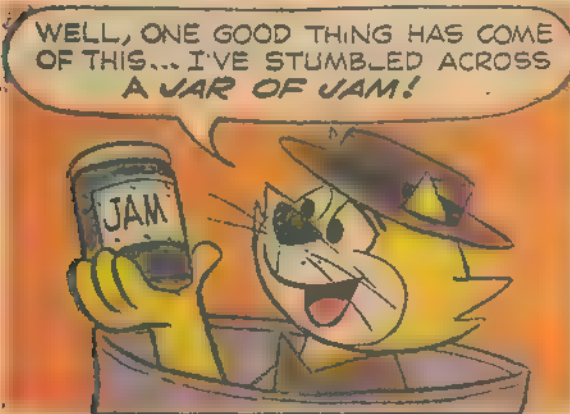
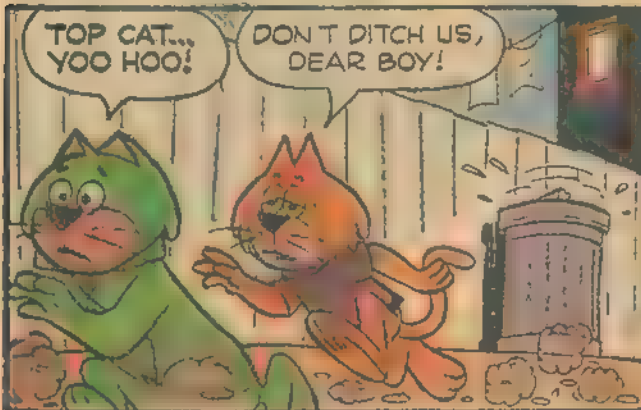
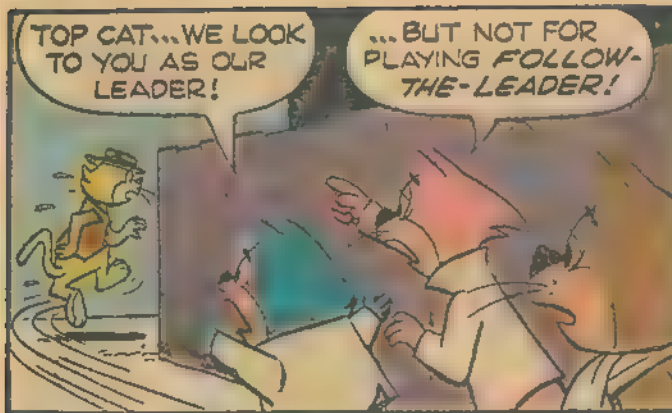


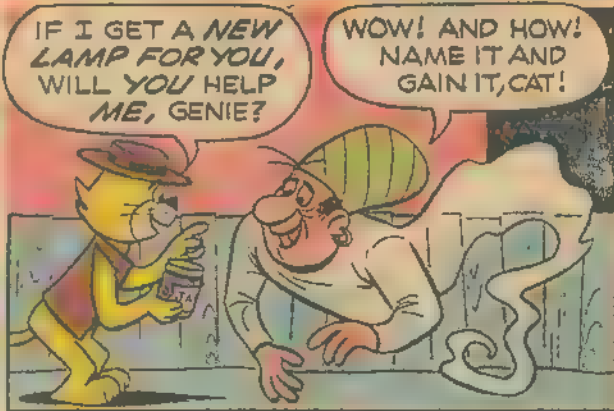
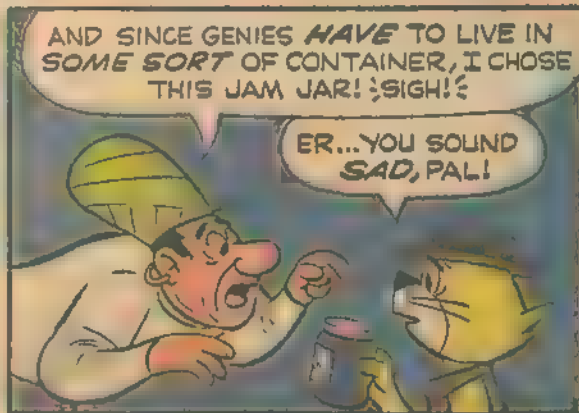
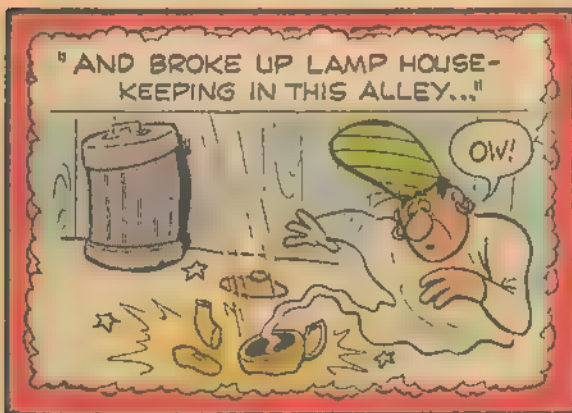
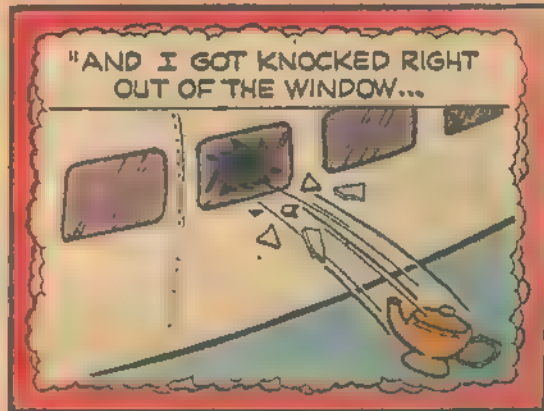
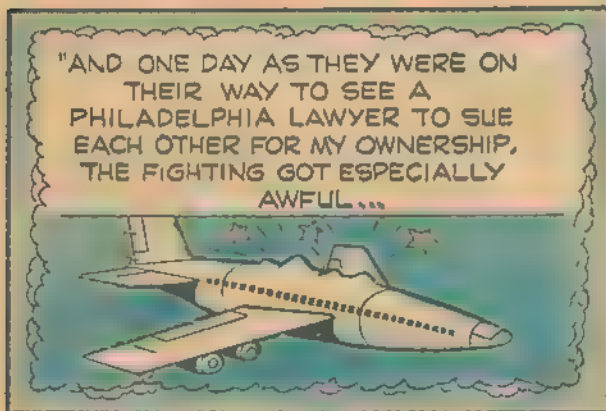
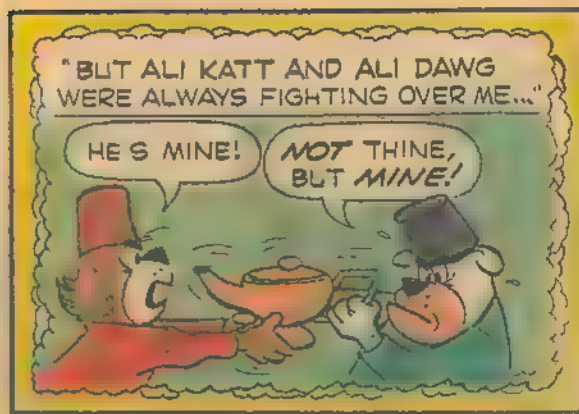
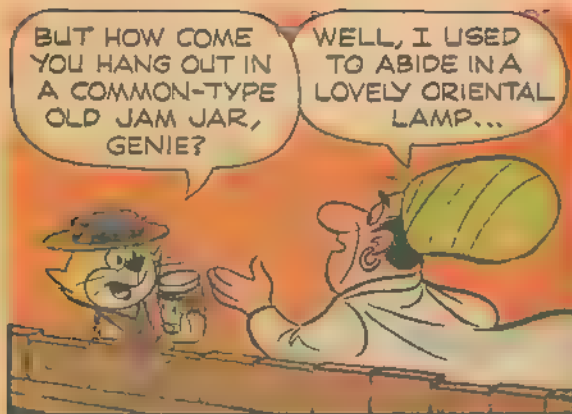
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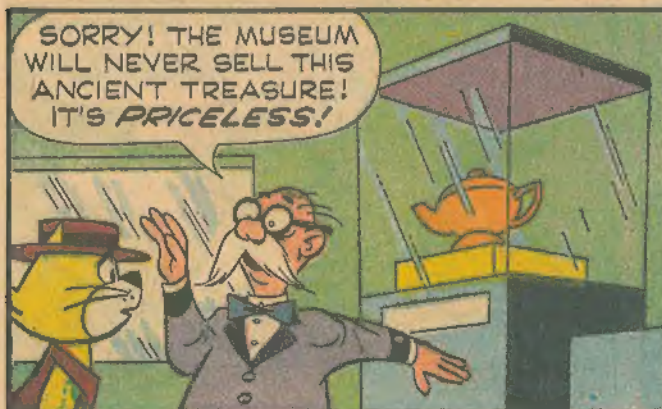
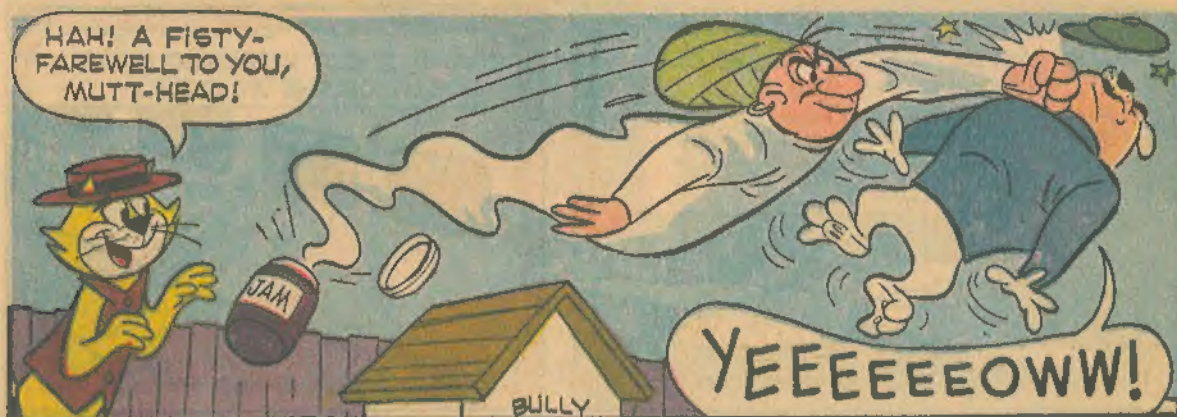
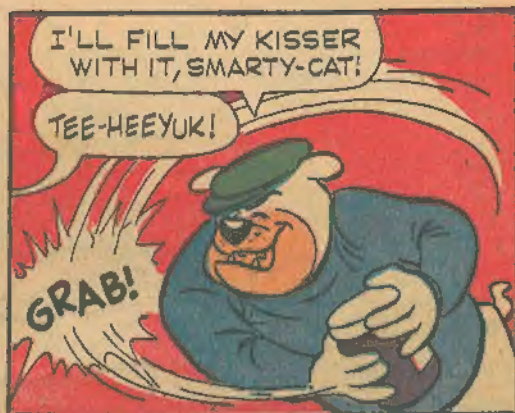
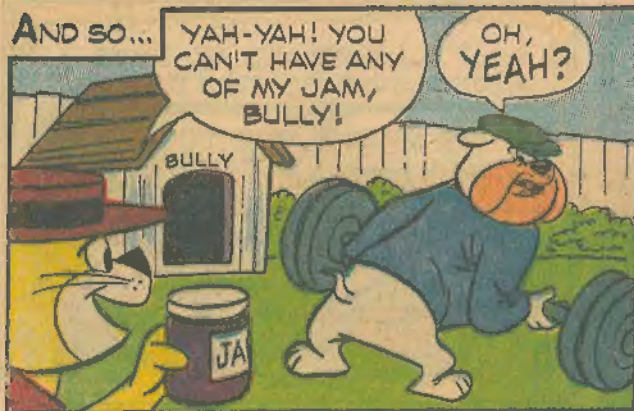
TOP CAT

JAM JAR GENIE









BUT
GENIE-
TYPE
LAMPS
ARE
RARE
IN
THE
U.S.A.

NOW HERE'S
A DANDY...

ER...NO,
THANK
YOU!

LIGH!

TH-THERE JUST
AREN'T ANY
AROUND, GENIE!

YOU
PROMISED!

HMM... BUT MAYBE I CAN DIG
UP A GOOD *SUBSTITUTE* FOR
A GENIE-TYPE LAMP!

KITCHEN
DEPT.

AND
SHORTLY...

TOP CAT HAS
INVITED US TO
A TEA PARTY,
OF ALL
THINGS!

I WISH
HE'D HELP US
WITH OUR
PROBLEMS!

AT YOUR COMMAND, KIDS!

OH, BOY! LEAVE
IT TO TOP CAT TO
HELP US IN A
SUPER WAY!

HEH! AND IT
HAS ALL THE
COMFORTS OF
HOME SWEET
HOME, GENIE!

© 1961
Sund

